*Nim.* The'good humor is to ſteale at a minunts rest.

*Piſt.* Conuay: the wiſe it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phraſe.

*Fal.* Well ſirs, I am almoſt out at heeles.

*Piſt.* Why then let Kibes enſue.

*Fal.* There is no remedy: I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift,

*Piſt.* Yong Rauens muſt haue foode.

*Fal.* Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

*Piſt.* I ken the wight; he is of ſubſtance good.

*Fal.* My honeſt Lads, *I* will tell you what *I* am about.

*Piſt.* Two yards, and more.

*Fal.* No quips now *Piſtoll*; (*I*ndeede *I* am in the waſt two yards about; but *I* am now about no waſte: *I* am about thrift) briefely: *I* doe meane to make loue to *Fords* wife; *I* ſpie entertainment in her, ſhee diſcourſes, ſhee craues, ſhe giues the leere of inuitation; *I* can conſtrue the action of her familier ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behauior (to be engliſh'd rightly) is *I am Sir Iohn Falſtafs*.

*Piſt.* He hath ſtudied her will; and tranſlated her will out of honeſty, into Engliſh.

*Ni.* The Anchor is deepe; will that humor paſſe?

*Fal.* Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her husbands Purſe; he hath a legend of Angels.

*Piſt.* As many diuels entertaine; and to her Boy ſay *I*.

*Ni.* The humor riſes it is good; humor me the angels.

*Fal.* *I* haue writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue me good eyes too; examined my parts with moſt iudicious illiads; ſometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote, ſometimes my portly belly.

*Piſt.* Then did the Sun on dung-hill ſhine.

*Ni.* *I* thanke thee for that humour.

*Fal.* O ſhe did ſo courſe o're my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did ſeeme to ſcorch mee vp like a burning-glaſſe; here's another letter to her; She beares the Purſe too; Shee is a Region in *Guiana*; all gold, and bountie; *I* will be Cheaters to them both, and they ſhall be Exchequers to mee; they ſhall



ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt *I*ndies, and *I* will trade to them both; Goe, beare thou this Letter to Miſtris *Page*; and thou this to Miſtris *Ford*; wee will thriue (Lads) wee will thriue.

*Piſt.* Shall *I* Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my ſide weare Steele? then Lucifer take all.

*Ni.* *I* will run no baſe humor; here take the humor-Letter; *I* will keepe the hauior of reputation.

*Fal.* Hold Sirha, beare you theſe Letters rightly,
Saile like my Pinnaſſe to theſe golden ſhores.
Rogues, hence, auaunt, vaniſh like haile-ſtones; goe,
Trudge; plod away ith' hoofe: ſeeke ſhelter, packe,
*Falſtaffe* will learne the honor of the age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my ſelfe, and skirted *Page*.

*Piſt.* Let Vultures gripe thy guts, for gourd, and Fullam holds, and high and low beguiles the rich and poore,
Teſter ile haue in pouch when thou ſhalt lacke,
Baſe *Phrygian* Turke.

*Ni.* *I* haue opperations,
Which be humors of reuenge.

*Piſt.* Wilt thou reuenge?

*Ni.* By Welkin, and her Star.

*Piſt.* With wit, or Steele?

*Ni.* With both the humors, *I*;
*I* will diſcuſſe the humour of this Loue to *Ford*.

*Piſt.* And *I* to *Page* ſhall eke vnfold
How *Falſtaffe* (varlet vile)
His Doue will proue; his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

*Ni.* My humor ſhall not coole; *I* will incenſe *Ford*, to deale with poyſon; *I* will poſſeſſe him with yallowneſſe, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous; that is my true humour.

*Piſt.* Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents*; *I* ſecond thee; troope on.

*Exeunt.*